

25c

PHONOGRAPH

MONTHLY REVIEW

JANUARY 1932

ARTICLES and FEATURES

Reminiscences of
"S. H. Dudley"
By Ulysses J. Walsh

Nicholas Andreievitch Rimsky
Korsakoff
By Adam Weinberg

Johann Strauss—The Waltz King
(Concluded)
By James Hadley

An Interesting Experience
By Walter Smith

Record Reviews
OUR STAFF CRITICS

Edited by

Agel B. Johnson

"PHONO-ARTE"

THE BRASILIAN MAGAZINE

OF

MUSIC and PHONOGRAPH

Yearly Foreign Subscription \$2.50

Edited by:

Sergio Alencar Vasconcellos

J. Cruz Cordeiro Filho

Avenida Rio Branco, 112-4° andar
RIO DE JANEIRO BRAZIL

THE BRITISH MUSICIAN

"The British Musician" (established January, 1926, and able to incorporate the ancient "Musical News" in February 1929) is published monthly from

53 Barclay Road

Warley Woods - Birmingham, Eng.

at the rate of 12 cents a copy (15 cents post free) or 1 dollar 80 cents per annum post free). You may have a Specimen Copy for 15 cents.

FONOS

The organ of the
Argentine Fono Club

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

Leopoldo Hurtado, Manuel Bettroy, Manuel Ortiz de Guinea

Yearly Foreign Subscription \$4.00

Viamonte 550—3er Piso

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

are you interested in
FRENCH RECORDS?

then read:

MACHINES PARLANTES & RADIO

which contains each month complete lists of the French recordings and interesting articles on Phonograph, Radio & Talkies.

Annual subscription \$1.50 - Demand for free specimen to 15 rue de Madrid, Paris (France)

THE HOUND & HORN ANNOUNCES

Its Winter Issue

PLECHANOV AND MARXIAN AESTHETICS

Leon Dennen

RECENT NEW YORK BUILDINGS

Henry Russell Hitchcock

DANCE CREDOES AND THE "GREEKS"

Ayna Enters

WALLACE STEVENS R. P. Blackmur

SIX POEMS FOR THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER

Dudley Fitts

CONRAD AIKEN, a review..... Marianne Moore

STORIES by L. W. Hubbell, George Titchener,
J. W. Johnson

CHRONICLES PHOTOGRAPHS BOOK REVIEWS

"An energetic and admirable magazine"

—GILBERT SELDES in *The N. Y. Evening Post*

The HOUND & HORN, Inc.

545 Fifth Avenue

New York City

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Domestic

\$2.00 for one year

\$3.50 for two years

Single Copy—Fifty Cents

Foreign

\$2.50 for one year

\$4.50 for two years

Sixty-five Cents

Contents JANUARY, 1932

Vol. 6 No. 4 Whole No. 64

ARTICLES AND FEATURES

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	61
REMINISCENCES OF "S. H. DUDLEY"	62
By Ulysses J. Walsh	
NICHOLAS ANDREIEVITCH RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF	65
By Adam Weinberg	
JOHANN STRAUSS—THE WALTZ KING	66
(Concluded)	
By James Hadley	
AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE	69
By Walter Smith	
PHONOGRAPHIC ECHOES	70
CORRESPONDENCE	70

RECORD REVIEWS

Staff Critics

Orchestral	74
Instrumental	76
Operatic	76
Songs	76
Popular Dance	77
Book Reviews	80

An independent journal of phonography and other arts of sound-reproduction

The Phonograph Monthly Review

AXEL B. JOHNSON, Managing Editor

The Phonograph Publishing Co., Inc., 69 Marion St., Medford, Mass.
Tel. Mystic 0882

Eastern Representative A. J. FRANCK, P.O. Box 171, Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y.

THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW appears on the 10th of each month. All material is fully protected, but may be reproduced under a credit line.

Yearly subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$4.00 in Canada and other foreign countries, postage prepaid. Single copies 25 cents.

All communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor, 69 Marion St., Medford, Mass. All unsolicited contributions must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

All checks and money orders should be made out to THE PHONOGRAPH PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

Editorial

HE publication date has been changed to the 10th of the month at the request of manufacturers who desire to get the full month's releases in for review.

Under date of January 1st Mr. A. J. Franck of Richmond Hill, L. I., has been appointed Eastern Representative of THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW. Mr. Franck needs no special introduction to either our subscribers or to the trade, Mr. Franck is well-known to every phonograph enthusiast as the popular founder of International Record Agency, Richmond Hill, L. I.

No one needs to be told that the life-blood of existence of a publication is its advertising support, and it is at this end that THE PHONOGRAPHIC MONTHLY REVIEW, in common with almost all publications, has felt the strain. We have been asked frequently by our subscribers why some of the big phonograph and record manufacturers have not supported so valuable a publication during the past year. We can assure our readers that there is no other reason than that given by the companies to us, namely, they have been compelled to cut down their advertising quota. There has been no quarrel, and we have maintained the most friendly relations with every official from every one of the companies. As our readers know, we have consistently supported the companies with editorial and full record reviews just the same as when we carried their advertisements. We shall continue to do so, waiting for better times to come.

Axel B. Johnson

Reminiscences of "S. H. Dudley"

by ULYSSES J. WALSH

IN THE November issue of THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW the writer paid tribute to the splendid achievements of the late J. S. Macdonald, one of the giants among the veterans of sound recording enterprises. Now, holding fast to the belief that a good man's accomplishments should be celebrated before he is cold in his grave and unable to read the laudatory things written concerning him, I shall set about chronicling in similar fashion the life and deeds of Sam H. Rous who, under the pseudonym of S. H. Dudley, was a prominent figure in the phonograph field for almost as long a time as his friend and associate, Mr. Macdonald.

It will be a particular pleasure to provide a biographical sketch of Mr. Rous for the reason that, though he is still with us, in good health and spirits, he has been mysteriously reported in all parts of the world to be an invalid, and blind. Just how that impression got abroad there is no way of knowing, but it certainly exists. Half a dozen people have seriously informed me that "poor old Sam Rous is blind and nearly dead" (while the subject of their pitying remarks no doubt at that very instant was having the time of his life, touring the world), and I was even told that same thing by the late Mr. S. E. Levy, who wrote to that effect from far off Shanghai.

However, this great pioneer isn't blind, by any means (he himself says, "I did have some trouble with eye strain—too much Victor proofreading, probably—but I can now see a beetle on the side of a mountain several miles away") and he certainly is a long way from being among the dear departed. Domiciled at Monaco but spending six months of the year in travel he is, as Mr. Macdonald rather wistfully remarked, "living what might be termed the ideal life."

Sam Rous' phonograph career was very similar to Macdonald's in that he began as a recording artist, and then became an executive with many and varied duties to perform. But, unlike his friend, he had enjoyed (if that is the word) an extensive career as a professional singer prior to his first appearance before a catch-as-catch-can horn. That career, with its subsequent ramifications and developments, shall be here set forth mostly in the quoted words of the man himself, who,

my experience leads me to believe, deserves the compliment bestowed upon him by Mr. Macdonald, when he termed him "the most interesting letter writer I ever knew."

"I must have begun to acquire a taste for travel at the age of six months, when my father, resigning his professorship in Asbury College . . . left my native town of Greencastle, Indiana, to become one of those poor peripatetic Superintendents of County Schools, who were always at the mercy of petty politics in the local school boards," "Dudley" says. . . . "Before I was thirteen we had lived in Vevay, Irvington, Attica, Thorntown, Stockwell, Dayton, Frankfort, Rushville and Indianapolis. . . .

"At age thirteen the future 'Dudley' was removed in his first year in High School to do his bit toward the family income. . . . When I was 20 I began to think of some way to utilize my very fair but untaught natural baritone voice—other than giving it free in church choirs. Chance brought me an opportunity to play 'small parts' in a company giving a summer season of operetta in Montreal, and I jumped at it.

"Little did I imagine that during the next thirteen years I would sing roles in 72 different operas with 34 opera companies! Or that I would travel a quarter million miles in Pullmans, day coaches, freight trains, cabooses, carriages, burros and farm wagons—not to mention Shank's Mare—in the U. S., Canada and Mexico. . . .

"After a few seasons of comic opera I drifted into the Grand Opera section and then the fun began! Several years with the Boston Ideal Opera Company were comparatively uneventful, but those of 'Grand Opera In English' with several companies (one of them featuring Emma Juch, who was among the very first Victor Red Seal artists) were not. . . .

"I was with the first company to give Grand Opera in English in Mexico, and the first to present Wagner's works. Tannhäuser, Flying Dutchman, Lohengrin and Walküre were given. . . . On April 29, 1891 we played at Guanajuato. The costumes and scenery had to be carried from the station three miles up a twisty canyon on a tram line; and when they arrived it was discovered that Faust costumes had been

brought instead of the needed Tannhäuser ones. It was then 11 o'clock and the audience, which had been waiting three hours, was restive, to put it mildly. So we played Tannhäuser with Faust costumes and the curtain went down at 2.30 on a highly satisfied audience.

"Although only a bad baritone, I was occasionally called upon for bass and even tenor roles. During the Mexican tours I was forced to sing Sparafucile in *Rigoletto*. And do the Mexicans know their *Rigoletto*? I'll say so! Every time I dodged that low F in the first act (because I couldn't hit it) there were fervent hisses from all over the house! . . .

"Again, the time was November 14, 1890 and the place the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia. The Flying Dutchman was billed, with a large sale, and the money was badly needed. The singer booked for Daland became ill at five o'clock and no one else knew the important part. But a German who shall be nameless actually made a stab at it with the score in his left hand every minute he was on the stage. Imagine the feelings of the large audience, watching that fat German trying to sing the score from the book in English with a thick dialect, and making appropriate gestures with his right hand! It was one of the funniest things I ever saw."

After thirteen years of opera and, later, appearing in drama as a member of the Charles Frohman forces, "Dudley" had grown thoroughly sick of trouping and thought seriously of getting into some business that would allow him and his wife, Sofia Romani (soprano with most of the opera companies with which her husband sang baritone roles) to have a home.

"Then," he says, "like manna from heaven came along my old friend, Steve Porter, waiting for me one night at the stage door.

"Hello, Sam. Do you want to sing second tenor in a male quartet job?"

"Steve, I'll sing anything from basso-profundo to soprano, if there is any real money in it!"

"Well, it was a job making male quartet records for Mr. Thomas Edison in West Orange, and we received \$15.00 each for our afternoon's work. Simple old-fashioned stuff—Old Oaken Bucket; Hail, Jerusalem—but the singing position was decidedly cramping, as the crude methods of recording made it necessary for us to bump our heads close together.

"But it looked like easy money and I asked Walter Miller (Recording Manager for Edison, then and for 30 years afterward) if he

wanted any solos. "Let's have a specimen," said Walter; so I picked up the first song that came to hand, which happened to be a refined ditty entitled 'The Chili Widow—' with a refrain like this:

She was the Chili Widow

The widow who couldn't get warm—

"When Walter heard the record he figuratively fell on my neck, as I happened to have a voice and an enunciation which just fitted the old-time recording process. . . . In a year or so I was making at the rate of about \$12,000 a year, which was real money in 1900!

"But, boy, it was hard work! We singers of that period would come home at night with our voices all but gone; not daring to speak above a whisper to our families for fear of wasting those precious vocal chords. I have made as many as 85 records in one day. A bad cold usually cost a singer about \$500.00

"Those were the good old days when only about 25 duplicates could be made from one "master," the average being much smaller, and not only that but for a long time after the introduction of the 'concert' record—that huge cylinder which was supposed to be the last word in 'tone'—they were recorded one at a time, and could not be duplicated. Think of that for a royalty; for every record sold the singer received 75 cents, the standard price at the time.

"But it was too good to last—along comes Mr. Edison with his 'gold moulded' process, which enabled him to make a million records out of each master. That, of course, jumped the price of the singers' services, until it was fixed at \$40.00 for each number. Then the Victor began to bid for our services, along with other companies that were starting in the game; but in 1902 the business began to fall off because many new singers became available when recording improvements made it possible to use all kinds of voices.

"So our male quartet—called Edison Male Quartet by Edison and Haydn by the Victor—began to look toward London as a promising field. In June, 1902 we sailed for the other side and during the summer made hundreds of records—quartets, solos by MacDonald, Hooley and Dudley, duets, etc. Plantation and darky numbers were particularly appreciated by the British.

"Thoroughly tired out with four years of almost continuous singing, I decided to play hookey and my wife and I went to France and Switzerland for a good rest. But there seemed to be no rest for the wicked, for I soon got a cable from Cal Child, Director of the Victor Recording Department, offer-

ing me the position of Assistant Director. As it had been about 17 years since I had held down what might be termed a steady job, I hesitated; but finally accepted, reserving the right to sing for Edison. They had a very long list of Dudley records, which had to be remade from time to time, as slight improvements were made, and I did not like to handicap them.

"But a year later the Victor purchased my exclusive services—and some services they were, though I say it! In a few years I was far too busy to sing any more.

"All I had to do was to select each month 50 or 100 numbers for the monthly bulletin; see that artists were engaged to sing them; keep them in good humor; write the notes for the bulletin; compile the Victor's monumental Alphabetical Record Catalog; write and revise annually the Book of the Opera; write several hundred letters a month to record fans; test all the new records which were made, sometimes 500 a month; scout for new singers and novelties, etc. Mr. Child was by that time too busy with his huge list of celebrity singers to bother with the common or garden variety of records. . . .

"By 1919 I decided that 13 years of opera and 17 of records was enough for one lifetime, so my wife and I jumped into our little Scripps-Booth. And since then we have kept going.

"We spent a winter in Hawaii, and while there a new volcano eruption broke out, and Mrs. 'Dudley' was kind enough to break through a crust of lava and sink to her waist! . . . We traveled over the old Spanish trail . . . were lost in the desert several times, fording one stream fourteen times in one day; had a broken axle in the middle of a New Mexico desert; dodged Louisiana floods by loading the car on a leaky barge for a 20 mile bayou trip; were caught in a forest fire in Florida; stuck in the middle of Fish Creek, Arizona, all night, with mountain lions roaming about; mired in a 'dry' lake in Utah—no wonder Mrs. Rous said, 'I thought you retired from business to get a rest!'

"Then to Europe, where we have been ever since. We spend six months in our little apartment in Monaco and in the summer explore the mountain passes in our trusty Renault, now seven years old and going strong. Never mind what it looks like; it has climbed 26 and hopes to go over the 125 other European passes yet! In 1927 a trip around the world broke the monotony—and another book could be written about some adventures while trying to see something of the virgin jungles of Sumatra."

And on this happy note we may leave the man who, unknown to 99 record lovers out of a hundred, not only did a man's share of recording but also found time to write for Victor supplements and catalogs and turn out a new "Book of the Opera" every year. Yes, he was that mysterious person, The Victor Catalog Editor. He was also, it should be noted in passing, the "Frank Kernell" whose whistling specialties and "topical" records were so popular in and around the year 1905. "Kernell's" records, Mr. Rous explains, were not thought sufficiently dignified to bear the name of the ex-opera artist, "S. H. Dudley," but looking back upon the type of music he recorded, the singer is unable to see that those by Dudley were exactly bloated with dignified sentiments, either!

A curious coincidence is that Mr. Rous, like his comrade, Macdonald, had trouble with another performer whose theatrical appellation was exactly the same as his own. There was then—and still was ten years ago—a Negro comedian named S. H. Dudley. I have heard that, as was the case with the two "Harry Macdonoughs," each Dudley invariably got the mail of the other—and great was the lamentation, vociferation, weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth when the postman made his daily wrong delivery. No one has yet explained why one man or the other didn't end the whole tangled situation by going out and in cold blood despatching his namesake.

Whoever the fellow was that originated the familiar phrase about presenting roses to the living instead of reserving them for the resting places of the dead, he had a good idea. The record and the evidence shows that S. H. Dudley's career has been a credit both to the theatrical world and that of the phonograph. Of him we can sincerely say "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and trust that he and Mrs. Dudley will be spared for many more years—until the Renault has traversed those other 125 mountain passes, anyway!

A very limited supply of back files of THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW is still available:

Volume I (Oct. 1926-Sept. 1927) 9 issues only—
Nov. '26, March and May '27 are out of print—\$6.00

Volume II (Oct. 1927-Sept. 1928) Complete—
\$6.00

Volume III (Oct. 1928-Sept. 1929) Complete—
\$5.00

More recent issues at regular subscription rates.

Address

A. J. FRANCK

Postal Box 171

Richmond Hill, L. I.

Nicholas Andreievitch Rimsky Korsakoff

By ADAM WEINBERG

AN interesting article might be written on famous musicians who have begun in other callings, and some of the most striking examples would come from Russia. Indeed, it seems to have been an almost unvarying rule in that country hitherto that their most eminent composers should be drawn from any profession but that of music! Thus Glinka and Dargomijsky held Government posts; Lvoff, Cui and Moussorgsky were in the Army; Borodin was a chemist; Tchaikovsky was in the Ministry of Justice; and Rimsky-Korsakoff was in the Navy.

The first symphony of the last-named—which was also, as it happened, the first Russian symphony ever written—was indeed actually composed during his three year's voyage as a naval cadet on board the cruiser "Almaz," being sent home in instalments, as it was written to Balakireff for his advice and criticism. A sea symphony indeed! No wonder that the cheers were loud and long when, on the first performance of the symphony in St. Petersburg, the composer revealed himself in the uniform of a gallant naval lieutenant! Nor was it until several years later, after he had become well-known as a composer, and had been for a long time professor of composition and orchestration at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, that he formally relinquished his naval rank.

But by then, of course, there was no sort of question as to his powers. Indeed, not a few good judges were prepared to see him develop into the greatest master which his country had ever produced. In the event he did not quite do this, but he won his place beyond a doubt in the first half-dozen. Tchaikovsky, among others, his senior by four years, had the highest admiration for him, which he expressed in a characteristically generous letter:—

"How small, poor, self-satisfied and naïve I feel in comparison with you! I am a mere *artisan* in composition, but you will be an *artist* in the fullest sense of the word. . . . I am really convinced that with your immense gifts—and the ideal conscientiousness with

which you approach your work—you will produce music that must far surpass all which so far has been composed in Russia. . . . Those innumerable counterpoints, those sixty fugues, and all the other musical intricacies which you have accomplished—all these things from a man who had already produced a "Sadko" eight years previously—are the exploits of a hero.

It was truly magnanimous of Tchaikovsky to write like this, for he was really the bigger man himself, since, for all his hard work and high aims, Rimsky-Korsakoff never did anything to approach, in point of either inspiration or creative power, the former's greatest symphonies and other works. He seems indeed to have lacked just that little incommunicable something which makes all the difference between the highest talent and real genius. And this is doubtless the reason why so few of his works can be said to have firmly established themselves in the permanent repertoire.

How many are there? The "Scheherazade" suite, of course, everybody knows and likes (in spite of its tiresome repetitions and excessive length); but after this? "Antar," another symphonic poem, has many good pages no doubt, but it is again wearisomely spun out, and in any case it is very seldom heard; and to "Sadko" and "Mlada" much the same applies. Brilliantly scored and highly effective certainly is the Capriccio Espagnole—"that colossal masterpiece of instrumentation," as Tchaikovsky called it—but even so it is open to question if Rimsky-Korsakoff's exceptional gifts in this latter respect were not in the long run more of a hindrance than a help to him. If he had thought less about his scoring his music might have been better and more spontaneous.

And this applies no less to his operas, of which he wrote no fewer than fifteen, than to his orchestral works. Of these, "Ivan the Terrible" (or "The Maid of Pskov") is, with "Le Coq d'Or," the best known to British audiences, and no one who saw the former some years ago at Drury Lane, with Chaliapine in the title part, will forget how impres-

sive it was and what favour it enjoyed for a time. "Le Coq d'Or" also has had plenty of admirers, and contains some charming music, though the abysmally foolish story on which it is based makes it a rather wearisome entertainment as a whole.

Like so many of his fellow Russians, Rimsky-Korsakoff seems to have had the poorest possible judgment in this matter, and illustrated all too frequently in his works the famous apophthegm of Voltaire—"What is too foolish to be spoken may be sung." "A Night in May," which has also been seen in London, provides a further instance, and "The Snow Maiden" yet another. But then the plots of most Russian operas, based on their own frantically silly and incoherent folk and fairy tales, are of the same order, and enough in themselves to account for the failure of most of them to interest any intelligent audience.

But Rimsky-Korsakoff had other claims to distinction besides his own works. In particular he was a great teacher, an inspiring propagandist, and a most generous and untiring champion of all that was good in the work of his contemporaries. If sometimes his zeal was greater than his discretion, as in the case of his famous editing of Moussorgsky's "Boris

Godounov" after the latter's death, that is as it may be.

Also one feels that one would like to have Rimsky-Korsakoff's reply to his self-constituted critics who have made such a terrible pother over his alleged "tamperings" with Moussorgsky's score, since it is probable that more often than not he would have no difficulty in showing that he had every justification for what he did. In which connection it may be interesting to recall that Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff lived together like brothers and worked at two of their most famous operas—"Boris Godounov" and "The Maid of Pskov"—simultaneously and even at the same table. One can well believe, therefore, that he would have had plenty to say for himself on this "tampering" question. But now both Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff are gone, and it is open to any nonentity to attract attention by setting himself up as the champion of the one at the expense of the other.

Rimsky-Korsakoff died of angina pectoris in 1908, at the age of sixty-four, his death having been hastened, it is said, by worries and anxieties which he suffered over the production of "Le Coq d'Or," whose satire was displeasing to the authorities.

Johann Strauss, The Waltz King

By JAMES HADLEY

(Concluded)

SOME time ago, I chanced to read a paragraph, copied from a German magazine, containing the story of Strauss being present at a concert where a "paraphrase," or "transcription" of his "Frühlingsstimmen" waltz was played by a famous pianist. Strauss is reported to have said to the artist: "You make my music sound better than it really is!"

This story has been circulated widely. It would seem, however, that there are other versions of the affair. I was told by an aged German musician who had for many years played in the orchestra of the Vienna Staatsoper, that Strauss, upon this same occasion, bowed graciously to the pianist at the conclusion of the performance, but made no positive expression of any sort. To a life-long friend seated near him he turned and said in a low tone: "Heaven preserve me from these destroyers; I no longer recognize my own composition."

How much of this is fact and how much romance is, of course, impossible to say, but it seems as if the Strauss waltzes should be left as their composer wrote them, and if pianists wish vehicles for their musical fireworks, let them write their own tunes, and then distort and twist them to their hearts' content.

One thing is highly significant, however. When Eduard Strauss—the elder brother—was in America, on a concert tour, he quoted Johann as saying:—"It gives me no pleasure to see the loved children of my brain decked out in these fantastic and ill-fitting clothes; one does not know what to call them . . . they are neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring."

My own opinions in this matter are embodied aptly in the words of a famous critic concerning these piano "Paraphrases":—"The Strauss waltzes are conceived, not in

the virtuoso vein, but in the orchestral spirit, and pre-supposes the varied and emotional voices of the modern orchestra at all times. There is no intention to exploit the stunts of a sensational performer, and they are never quite released from the obligations of music to be danced to or emancipated from the trammels of moderate tempo. In the particular they are entirely of another genre from the immortal waltz of Chopin, who did not create waltzes, but fantasies in the guise of waltzes. The orchestral version has been previously alluded to in the recording by the Tino Valeria orchestra. As for the vocal version, there is only one that seems to me to be at all desirable, but this particular one is very desirable indeed. "Voce di Primavera," Valse, sung by Mabel Garrison, (Victor, 6137).

Miss Garrison's voice is of flute-like purity, and she peculiarly excels in those compositions which are within the executive powers of a very few singers. This vocal waltz is one of those numbers which should be severely let alone by all but the greatest voices—it is not for the average performer.

On one occasion Madame Patti sang this beautiful waltz, and, to exhibit her incomparable virtuosity, greatly accelerated the tempo.

Strauss remarked that he had never before heard his waltz sung at such break-neck speed.

"You sing like an angel, Madame," said he, "but I had no idea that angels were ever in such a hurry!" Madame Patti always listened to any sort of criticism of her performance with smiling lips but a hard eye. Later in the evening, acknowledging a score of compliments upon her perennially youthful appearance, in a spirited and amiable interview, Madame Patti explained—as far as was practical—how it was that she had attained the age of sixty-four "without appearing too much damaged."

In the early Viennese waltzes, the elder Strauss began usually with the briefest sort of an Introduction—often none at all—and ended with a short coda. His son, the Waltz King, proved how greatly the musical and emotional value of the waltz could be heightened by elaborating the slow, amorous Introduction, as well as the "Coda," in which the principal themes are once more brought forward and developed or combined with the utmost ingenuity. In these beautiful Finales, Strauss reminds us, in closing, of the favorite flowers in his musical bouquet, saving, as is his wont, the choicest bloom until the last. These waltzes are usually formed of three or four—often five—separate parts—contain-

ing eight or ten separate melodies, owing to the unwise structure of the waltz form—on the needless melodic wastefulness of which, the eminent Austrian critic, Eduard Hanslick, used to comment. The Introduction—which is always so interesting that it should never be omitted in the recording—is given practically the importance of a short overture, with several changes of theme and tempo, often delightfully foreshadowing the waltz-themes in a dreamy, passionate and tender manner.

There are few of the Strauss records which contain the Introduction, so anyone who wishes to enjoy this added attraction should secure complete recordings all of which appear to be listed by foreign companies.

In this classification is the "KAISER" waltz which, as it happens, has nothing at all to do with Wilhelm of Germany—more or less prominent in the world war—but dedicated to Franz Josef, of Austria. This waltz, rather more of a concert piece than the usual run of the Strauss dances, is of exceptional beauty. Very little has been omitted; the third number of the waltz-section, if my memory serves me correctly, but this saving has given greater space to the Introduction and coda, both of which are of unusual importance in this composition. It is played with exquisite art by Marek Weber and his orchestra, and is electrically recorded on 2 sides of a 12-inch disk. It is a Parlophon record (P. 1990) and will have to be specially imported from Berlin.

The missing third number of the waltz-section will be found on Victor disk no. 35919—The "Emperor" (Kaiser) waltz. It is recorded by the International Novelty Orchestra, and the "novel" touches do not attract me. They savor somewhat too strongly of the cheap saxophone interpolations which have been forced into two Waldteufel waltzes—"Les Sirenes" and "Estudiantina," as played by the Dajos Bela Orchestra.

Far be it from me to disparage the saxophone: I do not forget the Sarussophone in Massenet's "Esclarmonde," or the famous saxophone-clarinet duet in the music that Bizet composed for "L'Arlesienne." Decidedly the saxophone is not an inferior or an unworthy instrument when intelligently employed: what I object to is seeing it used to deface standard or classic compositions.

A waltz which has enjoyed phenomenal popularity of late years is the "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald" (Tales from the Vienna Woods). It is one of the most inspired of Strauss' dance-creations, and one of the most elaborate in its plan of construction. The Introduction consists of something like 117 bars, with a beautiful cadenza, and

including the famous zither solo which Strauss insisted upon. It is a miniature overture in itself, and a perfect gem. The waltz-section comprises five glorious numbers, and the "coda" of one hundred and fifty-seven bars is written with exceptional brilliancy. This waltz, like all his best ones, is intended quite as much for the concert-hall as for the ballroom. This is indicated by the signs for retarding or accelerating, and by the insertion of eighteen bars which are marked "to be omitted in playing for a dance." It is wonderfully played by the Orchestra of the Berlin Staatsoper under the masterly direction of Erich Kleiber, and has been recorded complete on 2 12-inch records. They are listed by the "Vox Company, of Berlin, (*08234-G) and (*08235-G). It is, of course, the privilege of every disk-collector to judge for himself, but in my opinion it is immeasurably better to possess one complete and artistic recording, such as this, rather than a thousand versions that are either shortened and cut beyond all recognition, or ruined by "jazz" interpolations.

A joy to all who love the Strauss dance-poems is the magnificent "Donauweibchen" waltz, which has been finely recorded by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, under the direction of Hans Knappertsbusch. It is listed in the Victor catalogue as "Danube Maiden." This translation—made in Europe—is a wretched one. "Nymphs by the Danube" is the English title approved by the composer himself, and confirmed by his brother Eduard when he came to the United States for a concert tour, in 1890. It is rather freer in form than most of the Strauss waltzes. It has been electrically recorded on both sides of a 12-inch disk. It is full of lovely melody that has been applauded the world over, and, wonderful to relate, is given complete. The catalogue number is V-50008. It has never been stated that Johann Strauss had any especial favorite among the many waltzes that flowed from his pen, but when deep in thought he often hummed or whistled softly to himself, and the opening waltz theme of the "Donauweibchen" was most frequently on his lips.

Another great favorite is the waltz, "Freut euch des Lebens," a title which has been translated into English as "Come, let us be joyful." This is played with crispness and variety by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Herr Knappertsbusch. It is recorded complete, or very nearly so. A grave fault with this recording, however, is its surprisingly abrupt ending. The Introduction and waltz-section is given entire, and the Finale starts out with engaging confidence. Suddenly (apparently half way through the coda) the conductor realizes that he has no more

room left upon the disk, and stops dead as soon as he finishes the phrase in hand. There is a full chord to end upon, but it is astonishingly sudden and unexpected. There are many repeats in the waltz section. Some of these could well have been omitted, and, thus, we could have been able to enjoy this beautiful coda given as it was written. The record is a fine one, however, and is a welcome addition to the Victor list (V-50009).

Another version of this famous waltz is recorded with true Viennese fascination by that great artist Marek Weber and his orchestra. An air of aristocratic elegance—as admirable as it is rare—is discernible in every recording by this fine organization. The order number is P. 2253. Other superb recordings by Marek Weber and his band of players are; "Myrtenbluten" (P.2177); "Bei uns z-Haus (P 2191); and "Man Lebt nur einmal" (P. 2209). These four waltzes are electrically recorded on both sides of 12-inch disks and are given complete—or almost wholly so. They are Parlophon Beka records and were imported for me by the Okeh Phonograph Corporation, 11 Union Square, New York City.

What is it that makes the Strauss waltzes so wonderful? Primarily, they were written for the ballrooms of the gayest dancers—and the most perfect waltzers—in the world. Dance music? . . . yes!; but they were constructed from such lovely melodies—often as emotionally moving as they were rhythmically alluring—that the Strauss waltzes have come to be, in a sense, symphonic; for Strauss did for the orchestral waltz what Schubert, Chopin and Brahms have done for the piano-forte waltz. Of it he made a genuine artwork, a tone-poem full of imagination and charm.

Again, Strauss is a great national musician. In his waltzes there is a strong infusion of peasant blood . . . through his pages there often sweep the cool and invigorating winds from the Austrian and Bavarian Tyrols. Strauss "loved" life from every side," and both the Austrian peasants and the aristocrats of the Viennese Faubourgs are enshrined in his dances.

It is not, especially, the form in which they are cast, for, says a writer in the "Post," "the Strauss waltz is music of a Vienna that is no more. Today, the ballrooms of the Austrian capital are ruled by quite another rhythm than that of the swaying waltz. The military caste is gone, and with it has disappeared quite largely the Hussar uniform. The shako has been put away with the full skirt that had to be lifted from the floor. The waltz as a dance, is, at the moment, equally out of style. As music, its content, and

not its form, determines whether or not it falls pleasurably upon modern ears. The waltzes that retain their former appeal do so not because, but in spite of, their waltz form. Johann Strauss had an extraordinary melodic afflatus that changes in fashion could do nothing to destroy. Otherwise his music would have long ago passed into oblivion for having been so thoroughly identified with the discarded fashion of its day."

The waltz—as a dance—may not be as popular as it once was, but a Strauss waltz will be a joy forever, whether it be played on a disk, or by the great Symphony Orchestras. For Strauss had one of the rarest of all gifts—that of being able to create beautiful melodies, and original, individual melodies

are the divine essence that makes musical compositions immortal.

Since the world, and all in it, moves in cycles, it is not impossible that the waltz should once more become the fashion . . . indeed it is quite likely that the musical pendulum may swing back again into the swaying, intoxicating dance-measures of the romantic and colorful sixties and seventies. And, in years to come, when the name of Strauss is heard, it may well be Johann—not Richard—who first comes to the minds and hearts of every true music-lover.

EDITOR'S NOTE—A complete list of Johann Strauss' recordings is under preparation and will appear in the next issue.

An Interesting Experience

By WALTER SMITH

VERY few pianists, who are the happy possessors not only of a good piano but also of a good gramophone, seem to be aware of the use they can make of both these instruments at the same time, and enjoy a first-class concert at home, in which they can take part either as accompanists or as soloists, as the case may be. I must confess that I discovered this most enjoyable pastime by chance, the day on which I received—a coincidence—gifts of two vocal records of Puccini's last and magnificent opera "Turandot" and of the vocal score of that very same opera. I was delighted with the records, enthusiastic about the work, and I thought I would like to accompany the singers, to get the melodies and harmonies well into my head. It also just happened that my gramophone was tuned exactly to the same pitch as my piano, and I was enthralled by the result which opened up such wonderful possibilities to me.

There and then, I selected several other songs, ballad and operatic, of which I happened to have the music as well as the records. I soon found out that in certain cases I had to alter slightly the speed of my gramophone to get the correct pitch—no doubt because the singers sang in a different key to that of my music. But this was quite easily and quickly done, and I jotted down the speed required for each record, for future reference. A very stern gramophone expert has told me since that it was a mistake, that I should have secured the music in the key of my records, and not "fooled about with the speed regulator." But, then, we do do things like that, we impulsive musicians! However, I spent a gorgeous evening, and, having secured more music from the library, a gorgeous week-end, revelling in the songs I liked best, accompanying the greatest singers of the world, standing there, by my side, ready to sing over and over again for my delight and benefit.

The next experiment was with the violin, and then with the 'cello, fairly short solo, with, of course, a piano accompaniment. I accompanied Fritz Kreisler in his "Liebesfreud" and "Liebesleid," Renée Chemet in Drdla's "Souvenir" and Poldini-Kreisler's "Dancing Doll," Pablo Casals in "Le Cygne," by Saint-Saëns, and Schubert's "Moment Musical." From this to bigger works, namely duet sonatas, there is only one step, and the "gramopianist" will enter the true promised-land of music when accompanying his own gramophone to such immortal works as Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata (violin), Greig's C Minor Sonata (violin), Brahms' E Minor Sonata ('cello) and similar masterpieces. Then there are the gems of Chamber Music having a pianoforte part: trios by Schubert and by Mendelssohn, quintets by Schumann, Brahms, César Franck. The list is ever increasing, and the enjoyment from playing these works with one's gramophone cannot be adequately expressed in words: one must *feel* it to realize what it means and become a convert.

Piano Concertos by Beethoven, Greig, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, can be treated in the same manner. Not only the value of following the Master Virtuosi in their interpretations of such great music is unique as practice for the student; but to have the full symphony orchestra at one's shoulder, with the best players of the world in it gives no little thrill to the amateur "soloist." As to Symphonies, these can be equally enjoyed either by playing them as piano duets at the same time as the gramophone, or by playing only the second part of the duet, which will then act as an accompaniment. At a small concert given recently in Bridgeport I gave a demonstration of this, accompanying the Minuet and Finale from Mozart's G Minor Sonata, and the popular "Marche Militaire" of Schubert. It went fine, and got a great reception.

PHONOGRAPHIC ECHOES

Radio-Phonograph Merger

A joint statement was issued today by Mr. B. J. Grigsby, President of the Grigsby-Grunow Company, Chicago, and Mr. H. C. Cox, President of Columbia Phonograph Company, Inc., New York, regarding a merger of the two Companies. It was stated that negotiations has been practically completed whereby the Grigsby-Grunow Company would acquire control of Columbia Phonograph Company, Inc.

Columbia controls valuable patents and trade mark rights to the well-known Columbia name in North and South America and manufactures Columbia phonographs and records with a wide distribution of these products as well as radios and refrigerators.

The Grigsby-Grunow Company manufactures and distributes radios and refrigerators and it is anticipated that a very substantial demand will be created for these products in all territories under the Columbia name, which will be of material benefit to both Companies and give a substantial increase in production to the Grigsby-Grunow Company.

Brunswick Record Corporation

Announcement has been made to the trade that the Brunswick Radio Corp. has turned over to the new Brunswick Record Corp. the manufacturing and sales rights to Brunswick, Vocalion and Melotone records for the United States, Canada and certain foreign countries.

The Brunswick Record Corp. was formed by Consolidated Film Industries Inc. and adds another important unit to the complete circle of service that this company is offering to motion picture and other branches of the amusement industry.

The Brunswick Record Corp. has already announced to the trade that the same sales and laboratory management and, to a large extent, the personnel formerly operating for the Brunswick radio will be in charge of these operations for the Brunswick Record Corp., and that policies in general as heretofore practiced in behalf of Brunswick, Vocalion and Melotone Records will be continued.

In the past year Brunswick records have come more than ever to the fore through their particularly fine list of outstanding record artists, including some of the biggest names in the industry, such as Bing Crosby, Boswell Sisters, Mills Bros., Ben Bernie, Cab Calloway, Casa Loma Orchestra, etc.

The new company plans not only to continue the high quality of artists and recording but to become even more aggressive in behalf of the promotion of the sales of Brunswick, Vocalion and Melotone records.

Broadcast Twelve

Eva Liebenberg, charming contralto of the Berlin State Opera, former Ultraphon star, is now on Broadcast Twelve records.

Metropole Records

Metropole records are no longer being manufactured, and the Dominion records for the same reason, will assume added historical value.

Marguerite Perras

Marguerite Perras, famed Berlin opera star, is another newcomer to the Broadcast Twelve fold.

Dr. Clark Made Adviser

Dr. Frances Elliott Clark, head of the RCA Victor educational division, has been appointed to the staff of the Music Supervisors' Forum, selected by the Etude magazine for the purpose of assisting musical supervisors to secure practical advice and information on musical education.

Signora Grandi Buys Records

Signora Grandi, wife of the Italian foreign minister who recently visited this country on a diplomatic mission, did considerable shopping during her stay in New York City. One of her stops was the Gramophone Shop, 18 East 48th Street, in which she purchased a number of operatic and classical phonograph recordings.

Jacques Renard

Looks as if Jacques Renard's title of "heavyweight dance orchestra director" is in jeopardy, for out of the southland comes the voice of Henry Busse, the rotund MCA maestro, who claims recognition on the basis of poundage as well as musical ability. Henry, who opens an engagement at the Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, January 1 with broadcasts over WLW, once was first trumpeter and assistant director for Paul Whiteman. When Whiteman took to reducing via the diet route, Busse was acclaimed "world's heavyweightht maestro."

Ben Bernie

When Ben Bernie, "the ole maestro", announced the other night that his orchestra would play "Good Night Sweetheart" for "the first time over any radio station," two tubes blew out in the radio receiving set at the Edwardines, Jr. Memorial Hospital, Maywood, Ill.

Wayne King

Wayne King's library of waltz music contains 486 orchestrations. The famous MCA waltz maestro never throws a waltz away. He has, however, discarded many fox trot tunes.

Correspondence

The Editor does not accept any responsibility for opinions expressed by correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned letters, but only initials or a pseudonym will be printed if the writer so desires. Contributions of general interest to our readers are welcomed. They should be brief and written on one side of the paper only. Address all letters to CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN, THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW, 69 Marion St., Medford, Mass.

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

There is, in the announcements concerning the new long playing records and machines a circumstance which leads one to wonder whether the question raised by Mr. Franck a few months ago—whether the interests that now have the destinies of the phonograph in hand are not bent upon adroitly dispersing the market for records so that radio may be without competition—may not have been heavily charged with discernment, if not with actual foresight.

I am moved to this consideration by the reflection that if more inauspicious time for such a debut than

COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS*

— New Issues —

MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 4, In A Major (Italian) Op. 90.

Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony is one of the most perennially charming of all of the longer instrumental pieces. It is instinct with life, melody and gaiety. It is simply music to be listened to and enjoyed. Sir George Grove, editor of the famous musical dictionary, said of it, "The music itself is better than any commentary. Let that be marked, learned and inwardly digested."



The writing of this symphony was probably commenced in Rome, where Mendelssohn arrived early in 1831, after a sojourn in England and Scotland where he had gathered inspiration for his other famous Symphony, the "Scotch," in A Minor. The famous finale (after the old Italian dance from the saltarello) is undoubtedly an echo of the Roman Carnival of 1831, in the gaiety of which Mendelssohn participated with abandon.

Columbia Masterworks Set No. 167

MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 4, In A Major (Italian) Op. 90. Sir Hamilton Harty and Hallé Orchestra. In Six Parts, on Three Twelve-Inch Records. \$4.50 with Album.

DEBUSSY: Prelude a l'Après-midi d'un Faune. This record is already celebrated, having won the Grand Prix, or grand prize, in a contest recently run by a newspaper in Paris, the object of which is to provide annual recognition of premier achievements in recorded art by French producers of phonograph music. This work, as recorded by Columbia, was awarded the first prize in all classes as the greatest triumph of the year.



Few nowadays are unacquainted with Debussy's highly impressionistic "Afternoon of a Faun," that shimmering classic which was the real precursor of the modernist tendency in music. For his inspiration Debussy went to a poem by the French poet Mallarmé, which depicts the thoughts, between waking and dreaming, of a faun, of the old mythology, as he drowns through a sunlit afternoon on the bank of a river in ancient Greece. This short but highly distinguished work, it is safe to say, will ever remain a masterpiece.

DEBUSSY: Prelude a l'Après-midi d'un Faune. Walther Straram and Orchestre des Concerts Straram. In Two Parts, on One Twelve Inch Record, 68010-D, \$1.50.

WAGNER: Siegfried Idyl. In strong contrast to much of Wagner's other music is that exquisite lullaby, the Siegfried Idyl, arranged by the German master mainly from material existing in the "Ring" music dramas and first played as an aubade to his wife and infant son on Christmas morning 1870. Ernest Newman, the famous English critic, says of it, "This is not an individual father musing over his child's cradle but all nature crooning a song of love for its little ones."

While Wagner wrote into the Siegfried Idyl little that was new in thematic material, the consummate musical craftsmanship displayed in the arrangement is forever outstanding and admirable. Many recordings of this have been issued, some by us in the past, but such a sympathetic and gracious reading of it as is here given by Bruno Walter has seldom been heard.

WAGNER: Siegfried Idyl. Bruno Walter and Symphony Orchestra. In Four Parts, on Two Twelve Inch Records, 68011-D and 68012-D, Each \$2.00.



"Magic Notes"

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Columbia "NEW PROCESS" **Records**
Viva-tonal Recording - The Records without Scratch



"Magic Notes"

Columbia Phonograph Co., Inc.
55 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

the current period of depression could have been chosen, I am utterly at loss as to where, when or how it could be done. With the business in standard records already badly depressed, the introduction of the long-players could serve only to breed uncertainty in the minds of prospective record buyers, to cause them to hold their money against the possibility of having to start all over again, to discourage them of the hope of ever having anything from records but recurrent obsolescences. and, so to paralyze the weak but bravely struggling record business that still persisted. To be sure, the time for administering the knockout blow was perfectly chosen.

The fear of buying records and apparatus that may soon be obsolete and will have to be junked I think is interfering with the normal buying of records, and in view of that fact, I feel that "THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW" should at once obtain official statements from American record manufacturers that they intend to continue producing standard records as well as long-players, and to have the statement specifically amplified so all may know just what fields will continue to be covered by the standard discs, to the end that confidence may be restored and trade resumed.

N. Y.

THEO. B. HANNA

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

In view of the uncertainty, which appears to be general, as to what effect the introduction of a long-playing record will have on the talking machine industry, especially with regard to a continued supply of standard speed records in good number and variety, we feel that the trade and the public will be interested in a statement of the Columbia Company's attitude on the subject.

The long-playing record, whatever its ultimate development may be, is not yet commercially practicable or a serious rival of the standard speed record. For a time, probably a long time, the long-playing record will be chiefly useful in the field of classical music, such as symphonies, concertos, sonatas, operatic series, and similar compositions. But even in that field, it is doubtful if it can ever supplant the standard speed record.

There are approximately fifteen million phonographs and combination radio-phonographs in American homes, and all of them are fitted with motors, turntables, tonearms, and other equipment for using the standard speed record. Satisfactory means for adapting or remodeling them to reproduce both long-playing and standard records must be developed, and sold at prices within the reach of people of moderate and even limited means, before any substantial number of owners will become buyers of long-playing records. Most phonograph owners will not regard the possible advantage of a long-playing record as sufficient compensation in itself to justify them in foregoing the enjoyment of the enormous repertoire of selections available on records of the present type.

Even assuming the possibility (which is doubtful) of making up combinations of two or more short musical compositions on longplaying discs of such character as would appeal to the tastes of a majority of users, it would take some years to build up an adequate repertoire and to effect its distribution.

By far the greater sale of records, now and for many years past and to come, has been and will be of selections, vocal and instrumental in the popular classes: dance music; light and tuneful compositions; standard songs and ballads; old-time melodies and familiar tunes; and race and national folk songs, both domestic and in foreign languages—which do not lend themselves to long playing, or repetition. Selections in these classes will continue to be in greatest demand and must be in such form that users may select the titles they want, without having to take and pay for others they do not want.

We are developing a practical form of long-playing record but, in our judgment, standard speed records will continue to be the most popular and largest selling type of records and Columbia will continue to make them.

Columbia Phonograph Company, Inc.,
H. C. Cox, President

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above reply from Mr. H. C. Cox, President of the Columbia Phonograph Company, Inc. settles the question. We have received similar assurances from both the R.C.A. Victor Co. and the Brunswick Company. A Victor official writes me as follows: "As far as we can see there will continue to be a substantial market for the 78 RPM record and it is our plan to continue the present policy of release."

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I was interested in the letter signed "Low Brow and Proud of It," which you published in your November issue. I can't agree with this correspondent's remarks in their entirety (for instance, I can't see why chamber music should necessarily be considered dull), but I do feel that in stating that we need a few good comedians on the present-day records he has put his finger on a weak spot. I will pass up his defense of "crooners," as there we don't see eye to eye.

But the lack of good humorous records is certainly one of the glaring shortcomings of present day record releases. Just why it is that it apparently is not profitable to market comic skits and songs any more is a problem beyond my ability to solve. I am not, however, razzing the manufacturers for were there much of a market for such things they no doubt would make them in profusion as they used to do. To one who some time ago reached middle age it appears that the trouble may be due to the fact that most of the records sold today are bought by the young people and, in some strange fashion, we have brought up a humorless younger generation, which even goes about its "sinning" as seriously as it listens to the maunderings of Gen Austin or the idiotic spoonyism of Rudy Vallee.

Yes, comics don't sell any more, but four years ago The Two Black Crow records, grossly inferior as they were to the best humorous offerings of an earlier day, were being issued in the millions, and were highly appreciated by the novelty seekers of the day, though to one would vividly recall the 1906 productions of Billy Murray, Len Spencer, Arthur Collins, Byron Harlan, Bob Roberts and a host of other veritable geniuses, they appeared to be nothing extra. Now-a-days we don't even hear anything about the Black Crows. Probably their place has been taken by the radioing of the fearful Amos and Andy.

Only seven or eight years ago the comic song situation was much better than it is now. Billy Jones and Ernest Hare, a team of comedians worthy to rank with the best in the history of the phonograph, were recording impartially for all the companies, major and minor, and turning out discs that were masterpieces. Billy Murray, the dean of recording comedians and still the best of them all, had not had to betake himself to off-brand records, the only place where good comics can be found today. Now-a-days, on the standard brands, Frank Crumit is the only comedian who is popular and whose records have a good sale. What are we going to do about it? I don't know. Maybe this is just the grumpy complaint of an oldtimer. But I do hope that the various companies will soon stick a toe tentatively out in the direction of the water and take a chance on issuing a disc by Jones and Hare (it's a shame to confine those boys to radio work) or by someone equally good. And I'd like to see the historian, Mr. Ulysses J. Walsh, who once remarked in this magazine that he too had always been much interested in humorous records, write an account of the history of that phase of the recording industry from the pioneer days to the present. To me at any rate such an article would be very interesting.

And now I've had my say and will wait for one of your kid readers to come back with the retort that the comic songs and sketches I like are simply too naive and unsophisticated for words; that art should be something solemn and ugly and earnest; and that only Stravinski and Bartok are worth hearing, anyway.

Shawnee, Okla.

CARL GENTRY

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

You may possibly have noticed that I have not renewed my subscription to the "P. M. R.," for which I should like to give my reasons.

Firstly, I am mainly interested in dance records and since you have been compelled to reduce the size of your publication you have devoted less and less space to this department. I have before me your October issue, in which there is no review of dance records at all; this happened once before, about two months back,

Firstly, I am mainly interested in dance records and since you have been compelled to reduce the size of your publication you have devoted less and less space to this department. I have before me your October issue, in which there is no review of dance records at all; this happened once before, about two months back, and when reviews have appeared they have been somewhat belated and very small.

Now there is no branch of music which changes more rapidly than dance music and consequently it is of vast importance to be kept well abreast with it if one is interested. This is in direct contrast to classical music, which, curiously enough, you review regularly and at hardly diminished length, each month.

In this unfortunate October issue there are two pages devoted to "Current Importations" and one to "New European Releases." To find room for these, American popular recordings are conveniently dismissed or held over for a month or two, showing thereby your lofty contempt for this class of disc. This is surely a ridiculous policy, especially when you consider that yours is the only American gramophone journal reviewing dance records.

When I pick up a British publication of similar nature to yours, I don't expect to find pages and pages

devoted to American records not issued over here, but I do expect and get a comprehensive survey of this country's releases. When, however, I do want information about these same American records and turn to an American publication for it, I find it too busy reviewing foreign recordings to bother about its own. What a situation!

You have found it necessary to economize; then why on earth print your journal of such costly paper?) I am positive that nine-tenths of your readers would prefer half a dozen extra pages on cheap thin paper in exchange for the semi-cardboard now offered them.

In conclusion, may I say that when you review dance records regularly and comprehensively each month I shall renew my subscription.

Braintree, Essex, England

S. F. DANE

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

My dealer tells me that Brunswick is to bring out the Furtwängler discs of the Tristan and Isolde Prelude and Liebestod next month, but that since Brunswick already has one version of Till Eulenspiegel, it is not likely to bring out the Furtwängler one. Having heard the Polydor pressings of the Furtwängler Till Eulenspiegel I want to recommend them unreserved to every Strauss fan and to every admirer of realistic, undistorted orchestral recording. This is one of the finest works I know and if it is not to be issued in this country it should be bought from an importer, for it deserves an honored place in every collection of orchestral records.

New York City, N. Y.

B. WILLIS

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I read with sympathetic interest the plaint of a Mr. Bagnall to the "Gramophone" regarding the difficulties to be surmounted before one may obtain copies of the words of songs in foreign languages. Mr. Bagnall writes: "I am interested in the study of languages and I purchase yearly what I think may be regarded as a goodly number of records calculated to pander to this particular vice—not records designedly for students of languages, because the is very misleading, but records of foreign songs made meticulously careful enunciation thereby exhibited by foreign singers, humorous monologues and speeches. It is thus that one may hear the everyday pronunciation and, at the same time, enjoy such pleasure as the music affords."

Buying several Christschall and Musica Sacra imported records recently I was delighted to find leaflets in each record envelope containing a complete text of the words of the songs and choruses recorded. The Parlophone-Odeon company occasionally follows the same commendable course—the album of Land des Lächelns recordings by Tauber and Vera Schwartz contained the printed words in both German and an English translation.

But so far as I know, none of the American companies issues the words of songs except in the case of operas or other album set works where a complete libretto accompanies the album. A word leaflet would add inestimably to the value and pleasure of many vocal recordings in foreign languages.

Pittsburgh, Penna.

T. T. B.

Reviews of New Records

By OUR STAFF CRITICS

ORCHESTRAL

DEBUSSY: Selected Works: *Nuages* — *La Cathédrale Engloutie*—*Danse Sacré et Danse Profane*, and THOMAS: *Mignon*—Gavotte played by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI. VICTOR Masterpiece Set M-116 (4D12's Alb. \$8.00).

This is one of the most fascinating set of records that has appeared for some time. Recording conductors who set themselves the task of perpetuating Debussy on wax have heretofore met with desultory success. In this respect Stokowski has perhaps fared better than his Gallic contemporaries who have often made the music seem more vague than it is by obscuring the component parts.

Here however is the quintessence of Debussy's oversensitive art rendered with unerring taste. A critic has said that of all artists, Debussy was the purest craftsman. Not a note could be altered, added or subtracted. Stokowski's performance lends plausibility to this dictum. In the tonal fabric there are no loose threads.

Nuages is the first of three nocturnes and belongs to Debussy's impressionistic period. The other two nocturnes are the *Fetes* and *Sirenes*, both of which have been recorded. With an economy of means Debussy in *Nuages* evokes a mood of quiet contemplation—"the unchangeable appearance of the sky with the slow and melancholy march of the clouds."

The *Engulfed Cathedral* is an eminently successful transcription by Stokowski of the well-known piano piece which has engulfed many an unwary pianist. In its orchestral dress the shimmering beauty of the piece is enhanced and the sense of mystery intensified. In all recorded literature there is probably nothing comparable to this recording for engendering a feeling of eeriness.

The two short pieces *Dances Sacré et Profane* are written for harp and strings. They are played without a pause and much alike in character save for a quickening of tempo in the *Danse Profane*. Played as they are here, by a virtuoso of the harp they have a delicate charm. The orchestra furnishes an exquisite background. The dances require three sides. The odd record side is devoted to the *Gavotte* from the opera, *Mignon*. Although the performance leaves nothing to be desired one somehow feels, after hearing the superb recording of Debussy, Thomas' tuneful piece comes as an anticlimax.

MENDLSOHN: *Symphony No. 4, in A major* (Italian) played by the HALLE ORCHESTRA conducted by SIR HAMILTON HARTY. COLUMBIA Masterworks Set 166 (3 D12's, Alb. \$4.50).

Mendelssohn had the faculty of transmuting visual into aural sensations. Wagner said of him that he was

a landscape painter in sounds, and one might add that he was a water-colourist. He felt music rising up inside of him when he stood in front of the pictures of the Italian masters. He found music in old ruins; in natural surroundings. Both the Italian and Scotch symphonies, like most of his best work, sprang from visual impressions.

The *Midsummer Nights' Dream* stands as Mendelssohn's finest achievement, yet the Italian Symphony is not lacking in musical interest, especially when there is a dynamic personality like Harty's to re-vitalize it.

Harty matches Mendelssohn's clear, transparent writing with a clean-cut performance. The Hallé Orchestra continues to gain in stature and again its wood-winds deserve honorable mention. The high spot is reached in the Finale, the *Saltarello* being played with an infectious exuberance. Mechanically the set is of the same excellence as Harty's recent recording of the *Enigma Variations*. The Italian Symphony is a welcome addition to recorded symphonic literature.

A LIMITED EDITION!

James Joyce's

OWN READING
OF THE LAST FOUR PAGES
OF

ANNA

LIVIA

PLURABELLE

TWO SIDES

One Twelve Inch Record

Price

Including Booklet of Words
\$15.00 each

THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP, INC.

18 East Forty-eighth St.
New York City

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 3, in E Flat Major (Erica)* played by the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA of NEW YORK conducted by WILLEM MENDELBERG. VICTOR Musical Masterpiece Set M 115 (7 D12's Alb. \$14.00).

The Eroica is now available in five different versions. It has been reviewed so often in this magazine and as phonographic and radio listeners must be fairly well familiar with the music by this time, further comment about it would be redundant.

Wood, Coates, von Schillings, Pfitzner and now Mengelberg have taken their turn at it. In imposing array! Coates' version had many merits, but, like that of Wood's, the recording was early electrical and therefore inferior to the other three from the mechanical standpoint. The German conductors had the benefit of the best modern recording conditions and as both performances were better than routine, their versions have had a wide appeal. They must however yield something to the jovial Hollander, for Mengelberg is at his best in work cast in an heroic mold. He gives a characteristic reading, broad, vigorous and dramatic. The performance reveals the same insight into and sympathy with the music as was the case in the memorable recording of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. It is profound and deeply moving.

The Symphony is recorded in its entirety, seven disks being used which makes it the most expensive Eroica on the market. If you are not plagued by considerations of a pecuniary nature, you will want it for your record library as edition de luxe.

DEBUSSY: *Prelude, A L'Après Midi D'Un Faune*, played by ORCHESTRE DES CONCERTS STRARAM' conducted by WALTHER STRARAM. COLUMBIA 68010-D (D12, \$1.50).

A good performance and excellent recording of Debussy's most popular work, this disk should find many admirers. Straram's Faun is not the sophisticated and sensuous fellow that Stokowski's is, but there is room in the sun-drenched glade for this simple dreamer. The English once complained that Weingartner made a German philosopher out of the Faun. One of our mid-western papers even went further, waxing enthusiastic over so and so's "Afternoon of a Farm." But it is not necessary to the enjoyment of the music to look for hidden meanings or the cloven hoof. As pure music it is an amazing example of subdued sensuousness expressed by subdued color.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *Spanish Caprice* and *Chabrier: Scherzo Valse*, played by LAMOUREUX ORCHESTRE, Paris, conducted by ALBERT WOLFF. BRUNSWICK 90210-11 (2 D12's, \$1.50 each).

While De Falla and his compatriots strive valiantly to prove that the best Spanish music is indigenous, there are many who have the impression that most of it grew on French and Russian soil. Rimsky-Korsakoff's venture into Spanish resulted in a display of pyrotechnics. Like much of his music, it comes off because of its glittering orchestration. To be effective, it must be played to the hilt. The dependable Wolff again turns the trick with a scintillating performance. It is easily the best recording of the Caprice that has yet put in its appearance. For good measure Wolff plays a delightful bit by the high-spirited Chabrier. The music may be, in "exquisite bad taste," as some wag put it, but that makes it none the less enjoyable to listen to. In fact it is too bad the same cannot be said of some of the more popular concert hall numbers.

SCHMITT: *Viennese Rhapsody*, played by LAMOUREUX ORCHESTRA, Paris, conducted by ALBERT WOLFF. BRUNSWICK 90212 (D12, \$1.50).

The music of Florent Schmitt deserves a wider hearing. His name is often linked with that of Ravel

Victrola Book of the Opera at one-half price

We are offering a limited number of copies of the latest (8th Edition) Victrola Book of the Opera, published to sell for \$2.00 at the Special Price of \$1.00 (post-paid throughout the world \$1.15).

This beautiful volume, bound in cloth, contains within its 428 pages the stories of over 150 operas with hundreds of gorgeous illustrations. An unusual opportunity for every music-lover to obtain a copy at one-half of the regular price.



H. ROYER SMITH CO.

"The World's Record Shop"

10th & Walnut Sts.

Philadelphia, Pa.

U.S.A.

as the two outstanding contemporary French composers. Less brilliant than Ravel, he is more earnest and less occupied with impressionism than with colourism.

The Viennese Rhapsody here makes its phonographic debut. It is another instance where the Viennese waltz is laid on the operating table, but the patient pulls through all right with no great disfiguration. These Frenchmen can make a Viennese waltz sound like most anything but a Viennese waltz.

The opening measures might lead you to suspect that after all it is only Salome disguised as a Kellnerin, but the vision soon disappears when the waltz theme gets under way. Incidentally this is a first-rate tune. The performance is vivacious and you will no doubt find this a most interesting disk.

WEINBERGER: *Schwanda*—Selection, played by SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by Dr. F. WEISSMANN. COLUMBIA G 50312 D. (D12 \$).

While Schwanda makes its triumphant round, the recording companies lose no time in making recorded excerpts, all of which must be gratifying to Herr Weinberger who is reported to be reaping a harvest of gold. The Brunswick version made by Melichar was reviewed in the October issue of the magazine. The music probably had more than one godfather, still it is still cleverly constructed and shows a wealth of musical ideas. Frankly tuneful, it never descends to mere Kitsch.

Weissman plays practically all the numbers included in Melichar's version, but the arrangement is somewhat different. In regard to interpretation the conductors do not see eye to eye. For Weissmann it is a music of sharply accented rhythms and contrapuntal surprises for Melichar, on the other hand, stresses the melodic line and adopts a more leisurely tempo. Both are attractive recordings and honors are even.

LANE: *Sea Burial*, and MALNECK-SIGNORELLI: *Caprice Futuristic*, played by PAUL WHITEMAN and his Concert Orchestra. VICTOR 36044 (D12, \$1.25).

In the early days when Whiteman started out to make an honest woman out of jazz there were included in his concert repertoire three short pieces by Eastwood Lane, orchestrated by the indefatigable Grofé. The pieces were effective, especially the dance Persimmon Pucker, and the mood picture, *Sea Burial*. However in common with most other attempts at symphonic jazz, they had good themes, but lacked form and any development. They are an interesting contribution to Whiteman's very limited concert repertoire and deserve a hearing. We trust that he will also record the Persimmon Pucker and, while we are on the subject, Deems Taylor's delightfully humorous suite, *Circus Day*.

The *Caprice Futuristic* is an ingenious bit of orchestration. You might be led astray by the title, however, with its allusion to the future. It is about as futuristic as anything that Victor Herbert ever wrote. Perhaps it is prophetic to the extent that the saxophone is relegated to the background and the violin takes the leading part.

INSTRUMENTAL

Piano

WAGNER (arr. LISTZ): *Spinning Song* (from *The Flying Dutchman*), played by IGNACE JAN PADERESKI. VICTOR 1549 (D10, \$1.50).

We have already had one recorded version of the clever Liszt piano transcription of the spinning chorus from *Der Fliegende Holländer*. Paderewski plays it more expressively and lyrically than Brailowsky. Most listeners will probably prefer his reading, but Brailowsky's struck me as more smoothly and evenly turned, a more closely knit performance than this of Paderewski's with its somewhat excessive use of rubato.

Violin

SCHUBERT: *Serenade*, and RAFF: *Cavatina*, played by MISCHA ELMAN with piano accompaniments. VICTOR 7461 (D12, \$2.00).

A continuation of Elman's series of popular pieces. Elman plays them beautifully in his finished style. There seems to be a heavy mortality among Elman's accompanists, for, if we recall rightly, Hollister did the honors in the recently issued *Serenades of Drdla and Drigo*. Now comes Bauman for the Schubert opus, followed in turn by Bonime for the Raff.

OPERATIC

LA BOHEME: *They call me Mimi*, and *Rigoletto*: *Caro nome*, sung in French by LILY PONS, with orchestral accompaniments by CLOEZ. COLUMBIA G-9047-M (D12, \$1.50).

The two popular arias are sung with a pleasant voice and tasteful restraint. Mme. Pons is at best in the

Verdi aria which is a perfect vehicle for her coloratura talents. Her performance is one of the best to be recorded, the crystal purity of her tone being faithfully reproduced. She is less convincing with her Puccini, although it is pleasant enough to listen to. The orchestral accompaniments are competent, but rather thin. These re-pressings from the French Odeon Company should win a widespread popularity over here and admirers of Mme. should thank Columbia for making them available.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA — *Brindisi*, with Metropolitan Opera Chorus, and *Occhi turchini*, sung by BENJAMINO GIGLI with orchestral accompaniments. VICTOR 8222 (D12, \$2.50).

The Victor-Metropolitan series maintains its high standards of recording and performance. Gigli's magnificent voice is recorded with the utmost realism and both he and the chorus are at the height of their powers. It is difficult to conjure up a more finished performance. The other selection is a brightly sentimental Neapolitan love song which Gigli makes sound more important than it really is. The accompaniment is felicitous. This disk is in every way worthy of its predecessors.

SONGS

LEONCAVALLO: *Farewell*, and TOSTI: *Sehnsucht*, sung in German by RICHARD TAUBER with orchestral accompaniments conducted by ERNST HAUKE. COLUMBIA 9046-M. (D12, \$2.00).

Further instances of Tauber's uncanny ability in serving up hackneyed fare as delectable, new dishes. The man is a vocal magician, who has probably forgotten more tricks than most tenors will ever learn, yet there is consummate artistry in what he does. Of the two songs he sings here, the Leoncavallo is by far the more interesting and Tauber's performance is positively thrilling.

STRAUSS: *Traum durch die Dämmerung*, Op. 29, No. 1, and *Freundliche Vision*, Op. 48, No. 1, sung in German by HERINRICH SCHLUSNUS, with piano accompaniments by FRANZ RUPP. BRUNSWICK 85006 (D10, \$1.25).

Polydor's series of Strauss songs sung by Schlusnus and accompanied by the composer ranked with the finest *lieder* recordings of the acoustical era. It is pleasant to have electrical versions of Schlusnus's superb performances, and while it would have added to the disc's interest to have Strauss's own accompaniments, those by Franz Rupp are probably far more competent pianistically considered. Schlusnus is in excellent voice here and the disc takes a creditable place in Brunswick's remarkable list of recorded *lieder*.

WOLF: *Weyla's Chant*, and BACH-GOUNOD: *Ave Maria*, sung in German by KARIN BRANZELL, with orchestral accompaniments conducted by MANFRED GURLITT (violin obligato played by WILHELM THOMAS. BRUNSWICK 85007 (D10, \$1.50).

The revival of interest in Wolf's *lieder* fostered by the Hugo Wolf Society recently founded in London makes this Brunswick release of *Weyla's Song* a timely one. Karin Branzell, a contralto who is heard all too seldom on discs, sings the brief but moving song with fitting eloquence and dark loveliness of tone. It is unfortunate that another Wolf piece could not have been selected for the coupling. The artificial grafting of Gounod's sensuous, pseudo-religious melody on the simple, quite complete in itself, first prelude in Bach's Well Tempered Clavier makes an incongruous companion to the genu-

inely noble Wolf song. Miss Branzell sings it simply and well, but she cannot give it character or true feeling.

WAGNER: *Schmerzen*, and SCHUMANN: *Widmung*, sung in German by LOTTE LEHMANN, with orchestral accompaniments conducted by DR. WEISSMANN. COLUMBIA G-4059-M (D10, \$1.50).

Lotte Lehmann's appearances with the Chicago Opera Company have apparently added greatly to the demand for her records. One of Wagner's "studies" for *Tristan* and the ever-fresh Schumann *Widmung* make apt vehicles for her cool, somewhat impersonal singing. Both songs have been recorded many times before, but the Lehmann versions, particularly of *Schmerzen*, will rank near the top.

MARTINI: *Liebesfreud* and TOSTI: *Adieu! ein wenig Sterben*, sung in German by RICHARD TAUBER, with orchestral accompaniments conducted by ERNST HAUKE. COLUMBIA G-4058-M (D10, \$1.50).

Father Martini's familiar *Plaisir d'Amour* is scarcely as well suited to Tauber's inimitable art as the Tosti *Song of Farewell* (not the notorious *Goodbye!*). I prefer Nina Koshetz's record of *Plaisir d'Amour*. Tauber sings it merely well, while he does the Tosti song unsurpassably.

BRAGA: *Angel's Serenade*, and GOODEVE: *Fiddle and I*, sung in English by HULDA LASHANSKA with orchestral accompaniments. VICTOR 1548 (D10, \$1.50).

Lashanska appears so infrequently of late on record lists that one is disappointed to hear her in something so time-worn as the *Angel's Serenade*. The Goodeve song is no less slight in content, but it has an attractive if overly facile lilt. Miss Lashanska sings both songs *molto espressivo* in a manner well calculated to appeal to the radio type of audience for which the disc is obviously intended.

STRICKLAND: *Mah Lindy Lou*, and WOLFE: *Gwine to Heabb'n*, sung in English by JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, with piano accompaniments by LESTER HODGES. VICTOR 1544 (D10, \$1.50).

John Charles Thomas's recording career has not always covered him with glory. Indeed, knowing him only from his records one would have a pretty poor opinion of his ability. A record like this is doubly welcome, for it casts a new and more kindly light on his talents as well as commanding one's admiration as an example of the better type of semi-popular song disc. Wolfe's brilliant setting of Clement Wood's *Negro Sermon in Rhythm* is sung and acted up to the hilt, a performance impossible to resist. A splendid piece of dramatic singing, well worthy of the popularity it is sure to have. The tenderer, more lyrical *Lindy Lou* is sung equally well. It is one song that familiarity cannot dull. In Thomas's version it is as fresh and tuneful as the day it was written. There is a very definite and important place for song discs of popular appeal; if there were more like this the phonograph would have nothing to fear from the radio even as a mass entertainer.

CUBAN LOVE SONG—*Cuban Love Song* and *Tramps at Sea*, sung in English by LAWRENCE TIBBETT, with piano accompaniments by STEWART WILLIE. VICTOR 1550 (D10, \$1.50).

None of Tibbett's screen fans will want to miss his recording of the two best song hits from the "Cuban Love Song." The title song is cut to conventional movie lyric pattern, but Tibbett gets considerably more out of it than the average radio singer and dance band.

Tramps at Sea is also patternized,—a typical he-man song and a very good example of its type. Tibbett delivers it with appropriate vigor. Neither performance will add to his musical reputation, but each is more worthy of him than some of his earlier recorded film excerpts.

GEORGE WHITE'S "SCANDALS"—*The Thrill is Gone* and *That's Why Darkies Were Born*, sung in English by EVERETT MARSHALL, with orchestral accompaniments by the BRUNSWICK ORCHESTRA conducted by VICTOR YOUNG. BRUNSWICK 6215 (D10, 75c).

Marshall seems to be successful in emulating Tibbett's step from operatic to popular fame. He has the suitable voice and temperament for the new field, as this coupling from the current "Scandals" convincingly demonstrates. *The Thrill is Gone* is interesting only in the assured, big-voiced performance, by the other song, a creditable successor to *Ol' Man River* is a fine tune and one that is likely to be one of the big hits of the season. Marshall's singing is ably backed up by Victor Young's vividly turned accompaniments.

POPULAR—DANCE

Recorded Rhythm Show Hits

Kern's music for the "Cat and the Fiddle" is the best turned out from Tin Pan Alley since the "Band Wagon," although it in turn will be put in the shade by Gershwin's score for "Of Thee I Sing." The disc makers have three of the hits from the Kern opus this month. Victor entrusts all three to *Leo Reisman's* band, which plays *She Didn't Say Yes* and *The Night Was Made for Love* on 22869 and *Try to Forget* on 22870. Leo's orchestra hasn't been losing some of its character lately. *Try to Forget* is merely a typical example of neat routine playing. *The Night Was Made for Love* is colored a bit more richly, which *She Didn't Say Yes*, a first rate tune and lyric, is given really serious treatment with some mighty neat scoring in symphonic chamber orchestra style. The wood winds are particularly well handled. *Abe Lyman's* California Orchestra tackles *Try to Forget* and *The Night Was Made For Love* (Brunswick 6217) very insipidly. (I forgot to say that the coupling on Victor 22870 is a conventionalized Dance of the Dutch Dolls played without great distinction by *Whiteman*.)

The best song of the current "Scandals" is of course *That's Why Darkies Were Born*, leaning pretty heavily on *Ol' Man River*, but a good song in its own right. *Reisman* gives it a rather dull but highly pretentious performance, recorded with excessive power (Victor 22856). On the other side *Peter Van Steeden's* orchestra does exceedingly delicate and well restrained playing, featuring the winds, in *Hiding in the Shadow of the Moon*.

"The Laugh Parade" is represented by the two big hits, *You're My Everything* and *Ooh, That Kiss*, played by *Abe Lyman*, (Brunswick 6208), the first in a dull lyrical style, the second with a little more zest, but in a very conventional scoring.

"East Wind," from Romberg's facile pen, offers some fine tunes, of which the title song and *I'd Be a Fool* are played by *Jacques Renard's* Camels broadcast band (Brunswick 6207). Renard attempts a few orchestral tricks in the former but soon steadies down to an orthodox performance. Frank Munn sings the choruses.

"White Heat" and "Hoops" from the "Band Wagon" are given to *Reisman* on Victor 22836. Leo seems unable to work up much of a tonal temperature in the former, but the catchy chorussing of Fred and Adele Astaire in the snappy Hopps peps him up to provide at least a worthy accompaniment.

Film Hits

It's all the "Cuban Love Song" this month, what with a Tibbett disc out in the celebrities and a variety of dance versions. The title song is played by *Lombardo* (Columbia 2567-D), *Cloverdale Country Club* orchestra (Okeh 41531), and *Jacques Renard* (Brunswick 6206), with the Royal Canadians leading the slow field despite the soupy sweet playing and the incredible tremolo in Carmen Lombardo's chorussing. Renard's performance is blandly routine; the Cloverdale's pretty colorless. Lombardo's coupling, *You Try Somebody Else*, is played very insipidly; Renard's *You Didn't Know the Music* is better.

From Eddie Cantor's smash film comes the sturdily rhythmical *Bend Down Sister*, given a good performance by *Reisman*, starring some crisp piano work, and coupled with *Gus Arnheim's* peppery work out on *Nothing's Too Good for My Baby* (Victor 22851). *Ben Selvin* does cleaner playing in *Bend Down*, but doesn't get a great deal of verve into it (Columbia 2575-D). while the coupling, *Now's the Time to Fall in Love*, is chiefly noteworthy for some not so funny attempts at humor in the British pansyish chorus.

Brunswicks

The fast working *Casa Loma* Orchestra, who used to record at the Okeh Rhythm Kings, keep their reputation unblemished, if they don't add a great deal to it, with attractive performances of *Youmans' Time on My Hands* and *Ager's If I Didn't Have You* (Brunswick 6201). Good straight, mildly hot playing, with considerably more character in the latter song. How about some genuinely hot discs by this band. Brunswick? They're unbeatable when they're given the right material.

Isham Jones turns out two discs, 6202 and 6284, doing his best work in a zestful performance of *I'm Happy When You're Jealous*. The others, *It's Love, Was It Wrong?*, and *I Wouldn't Change You for the World*, are fair danceable attractions without much individuality. Renard does his routine songful stuff in *I'm Sorry Dear* and *As Time Goes By* (6205), and *Herman Waldman's* Texan orchestra gets out some strong orchestral tone in a good arrangement of *Lazy River*, backed up with a fair *Got No Honey* (6181).

Ted Black, Van Steeden, and the Victor Stable

Black leads the long but not overly exciting Victor output with attractively rhythmical performances of *Two Loves* and *An Evening in Caroline* (22872). *You Try Somebody Else* and *I Should Have Known Better* (22854) are pretty methodical, but *Lucille* is better except for *Dick Robertson's* pseudo Chevalierish chorus. The coupling is the *High Hatters' Mary*, played with a good swing (22857).

Peter Van Steeden's orchestra is a nice conventional band with a better ear for good tone qualities than

most, and a fair sense of rhythmical delicacy. Its qualities are best apparent in *I Can Sympathize With You* and *I'll Always Remember September* (22858), and *I'll Promise You*. Less obvious in the coupling, *Home* (22868). *Dick Robertson's* choruses don't add much. A little more originality in both scoring and playing and the *Van Steeden* band will be one to be reckoned with.

Paul Whiteman is back at work again with one-half a waltz coupling, *When the World Was New* (chorus by *Jack Fulton*). *Reisman* plays *Call Me Darling* on the other side (22849). One is about as stickily sentimental as the other. *Whiteman* plays a more characteristic rich toned performance of *There's a Blue Note in My Love Song* on the other side of the *High Hatters'* mildly peppy *One Little Quarrel* (22873). Evidently the King of Jazz's sales appeal has dwindled so far that he can't be trusted with both sides of a disc any longer. The judgment is wise if his band isn't livened up a bit.

Wayne King does a lugubrious, deep toned waltz performance of *Save the Last Dance for Me* (male trio chorus), and a fair *Too Late* (chorus by *Bud Van Dover*) (22871). *Cole McElroy's Spanish Ballroom* Orchestra makes great efforts but succeeds only in being decidedly dull in *Cupid's Holiday* and *Poor Little Gigolette* (22850). I like better *Was It Wrong?* and *River Stay 'Way from My Door* by the *Lofner-Harris St. Francis Hotel Orchestra*, largely vocals by *Muzzy Marcelline* and *Phil Harris* respectively (22831). *Gus Arnheim* goes in for a pretentious sniffing chorus in *Lies* and can't get much character into *Put Your Little Arms Around Me* (22853).

Good Average from Columbia

The Columbia ballroom dance discs lack any great pretensions, but succeed very nicely in purveying a mild brand of routine dance music. *Ted Wallace* and his *Campus Boys* get a better swing into *Home* than most of the other orchestras that try it this month, and he also does well with a smooth, slow, admirably cohesive version of *I Promise You* (2573-D). The *California Ramblers* do attractive zestful playing in *Concentratin' on You* and *When I Wore My Father's Brown Derby* (2569-D). *Anson Weeks* enlists the *University of Santa Clara Glee Club* to turn out a typically collegiate offering, *Fight for Santa Clara* and *St. Mary's Victory Song*. I like the fun *Joe Gumin's* Orchestra has with *Jingle Bells*, dressing it up in buoyant style and delivering a long series of choruses in various languages. The coupling too, *I'll Think of You*, gets away from the routine so many current dance performances seem to have fallen into (2571-D). *Selvin* gives characteristic examples of that routine in *Tell Me With a Love Song* and *When the Rest of the Crowd Goes Home* (2566-D), while the *Knickerbockers* go in for a more songful pattern in *Where the Blue of the Night* and *You Were My Salvation* (2576-D).

O'Keh's Buddy Campbell

The Okeh annotators do a great deal of shouting about their *Cloverdale Country Club* Orchestra and the praises it has elicited from the "New Yorker." Personally, I think it is far outdistanced by *Buddy Campbell's* good humored and spirited orchestra. *Buddy* doesn't do so well in *When the Blue of the Night*, but *Home* is fair, and *Last Dollar* and *You Try Somebody Else* are in his best vein (41536 and 41532). *Ed Parker* also contributes two discs, routine versions of *Old Playmate*, *Rover Stay 'Way* (41533), *Now's the Time to Fall in Love* and *When I Wore my Daddy's Brown Derby* (41537). The *Cloverdale Country Club's* offering in unimaginative performances of *I Promise You* and *You Were My Salvation*.

Crooners and Harmonizers

Brunswick's winners, the *Boswells*, keep up their fast pace with well varied performances of *An Evening in Caroline and River Stay 'Way from My Door* (6215). The allegros with their crisp quasi-instrumental singing are so tremendously effective that I grudge the sisters the time they spend in more luscious crooning, effective as it is. It is about time they were given a chance to repeat their ambitious work in *Star Dust*; they have wonderful possibilities. *Connie Boswell* sings along in *Concentratin' on You and Time on My Hands*, nice crooning and better styled than most song performances, but not outstanding (6210).

The other Brunswicks are the *Street Singer* (Arthur Tracey) singing very pompously to whining, gusty accordion accompaniments, *Call Me Darling and Marta*,—radio singing of the most unattractive variety (6216). Contrast with this the magnificent disc by *Everett Marshall* of "Scandals" hits, reviewed elsewhere. *Lee Sims* is the sole pianist of the month, playing *Blues in My Heart and Sweet and Lovely* in his familiar style, exploiting all his old tricks (6212). He's too good a pianist to fall in a rut like this.

Of the rest of the singers I like best *Frank Crumit*, doing *Chic Sale in I'm a Specialist*, a competent musical setting of the famous book. *Second Fiddle*, on the other side, isn't so funny (Victor 22859). *Kate Smith*, the ponderous, leads the sugared warblers with *That's Why Darkies were Born and Tell Me with a Love Song* (Columbia 2563-D). The only other individual piece of work on the lists is *Sandy MacFarlane's* sad and patriotic warbling of *Scotch stuff, My Nannie's Awa' and Star of Robbie Burns* (Columbia 2568-D).

The rest of the field needs only be mentioned: *Mildred Bailey* in lugubrious versions of *Too Late and Home* (Victor 22874); *Russ Colombo* in *You Try Somebody Else, Call Me Darling* (Victor 22861); *When the Blue of the Night, and Prisoner of Love* (22867); *Jack Miller* in *Lies and You Try Somebody Else* (Columbia 2572-D—rather better than the average); *Lee Morse*, very husky and tremulous in *100 percent and Call Me Darling* (Columbia 2564-D); and *Dick Robertson* in twangy Southern ballads, *Mary and Mother, and Twenty-One Years* (Victor 23616).

The Hot Features

In the more torrid realms of jazz the kings this month are *Louis Armstrong* and *Don Redman*. Louis hasn't been doing so much recording lately, but he recently made a new series of discs and the first of them appear this month. Some of the numbers are not so good—at least judged by Armstrong standards—but the others are in his best tradition. For Columbia he plays one in each class, *Star Dust* in the former, despite some good trumpeting and chorusing, and *Chinatown My Chinatown* in the latter (2574-D). Here we have Louis in top form, magnificent monologues and superb exuberant playing. Just listen to the light and easy beginning alone and you will realize the fact that Louis' contributions to jazzical progress are not limited to his trumpet stunts alone. He gets the same life and lift into *I Got Rhythm*, coupled with *Chinatown* again, on Okeh 41534. His exhortations are particularly effective. On Okeh 41530 he plays *Star Dust* again and a not so interesting version of *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*.

The newcomer is *Don Redman*, formerly leader of the *Chocolate Dandies* and *McKinney's Cotton Pickers*, makes his anticipated debut with his own band for Brunswick. 6211 is the number and the pieces are *Shakin' the Africann* and *Redman's own Song of the Weeds*. Redman does the splendid vocal work as well

as some first rate sax playing, and the pieces themselves are well off the beaten track. *Shakin' the Africann* begins sweetly and then the players move up-town and go violently hot. There is some fine bass and trumpet work here. *Song of the Weeds* is an uncommonly effective piece, ingeniously scored, and done with great effectiveness.

Return of the Original Memphis Five

Columbia brings back the *Original Memphis Five* with *Phil Napoleon* again trumpeting and *Frankie Signorelli* at the piano. *St. Louis Gal*, slow and haunting, and *My Honey's Loving Arms* are the pieces. The style is perhaps a little old-fashioned one today, but it was and still is a good one (2577-D). Columbia also offers *Fletcher Henderson* in *It's the Darndest Thing and Singin' the Blues* (2565-D), fair enough performances, but decidedly methodical and lacking the old Hendersonian heat.

The Callows

Blanche and *Cab* continue their family rivalry (which is no joke either, I understand) with two discs apiece. *Blanche* does *Concentratin' on You*, and *Red Nichols' tune, Last Dollar*, on Victor 22862, *Growling Dan and I Got What it Takes* (Victor 22866). *Cab* offers *Trickerration and Ain't Got No Gal in This Town* (Brunswick 6214), *Kicking the Gong Around and Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* (6209). *Blanche's* orchestra does some effective rough and tumble playing, with honors going to the trumpeter and *Blanche's* own choruses but *Cab* is in top form this month and easily steals the lead. His *Trickerration* is a fine piece of high-spirited high-speed playing, with some fast wa-wa work, while the chorus of *Ain't Got No Gal* is a marvel of rhapsodical treatment, with amazingly wide jumps and swoops. A great performance. *Kingin' the Gong Around* is a good Ho-de-ho-de-ho. *Willie-the-Weeper* ballad, mostly vocal work, while *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* is more lyrical, with further happy rhapsodical treatment of the tune.

Red Hot Victors

Jelly-Roll Morton gets a good flow in *Crazy Chords* and effective trumpet-clarinet-guitar-piano work in *Gambling Jack* (23307). *The Washboard Rhythm Kings* make a welcome return to do an amusing take off on the rumba, *Boola Boo*, catchily play as always, and coupled with *Doug Williams' very slow Thrill Me*, featuring some tricky clarinet and guitar work (23303). *Gene Kardos* hasn't got another *Peter and Paul*, but he continues his rough, energetic playing in *Down on the Farm*, with a not so funny chorus, and *Sweet Violets*, a rather sardonic piece and ingeniously scored (22863). *Freddy the Freshmen and Time to Fall in Love* (22865) are more routine. On 22864 *Hoagy Carmichael* and *Fess Williams* share honors with a revival of *Bessie Couldn't Help It and Hot Mamma*.

Hejre Kati Gone Jazz

For genuine novelty *Eddie South's International Orchestra* gives jazzical glandular treatment to *Hubay's* famous fiddle piece *Hejre Kati*, and *Schertzingers' Marcheta* (Victor 22847). The fiddle and piano work in

both is first rate, while the introduction of a scat chorus in the Jubay number is a positive inspiration.

The *Shreveport Sizzlers* for Okeh (8918) offer suprisingly adept and well restrained performances of Zonky and Railroad Rhythm. The band is obviously small, but it plays very deftly.

RUFÉ HARLEM

THE PHONOPHILE'S BOOKSHELF

Joseph Haydn, an Introduction, by D. S. A. Fox. The Musical Pilgrim Series. Oxford University Press, 1929. \$75. 63 pp., with music.

This little book is, as its name conveys, conceived throughout with a view to the uninitiated and unprejudiced, or perhaps we should say the possibly adversely prejudiced listener. This must be the chief excuse for the frequent annoying passages where Haydn's simplicity, gayety, or lack of romantic fury and emotionalism are apologized for. Yet the fact that it is so admirably contrived for the novice should not lead one to neglect its usefulness for any class of listener. First comes a chronology and brief account of Haydn's career, a careful analysis of three symphonies, preceded by a sketch of the state of the symphony at the time; the Creation is then discussed number by number; next is an especially sympathetic treatment of four of the string quartets, the whole ending with a brief survey of Haydn's output in the various fields in which he worked.

The recordings of the works selected for analysis also of the other major works recorded in 1929.

Schumann's Concerted Chamber-music, by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. The Musical Pilgrim Series, Oxford University Press, 1929. \$75. 47 pp., with music.

In this book, by the eminent musicologist J. A. Fuller-Maitland, the various concerted chamber-works, are, for the sake of convenience of classification, divided according to the number of instruments employed in the combination. First come duets, beginning with the one for two pianos, p. 46, then trios, quartets, and finally a most enthusiastic treatment of the well-known quintet for pianoforte and strings. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Fuller-Maitland's first published work, in 1884 had Schumann as a subject, and he here displays an intimate acquaintance with all of the compositions which he treats. If his descriptions and analyses appear occasionally a trifle rhapsodic, it must be stated that at the same time he reserves just censure and criticism for the places where it is needed.

Strausz, The Rose Cavalier, by Eric Blom. The Musical Pilgrim Series. Oxford University Press, 1930. \$75. 63 pp. with music.

At the outset, the author of this interpretation states that he has refrained as much as possible from any acquaintance with "official" and "authorized" interpreters of Strausz' work, on the theory that a composer should be able to make his intention clear through his music alone. Furthermore the indivisibility as a work of art, the play and the music are insisted upon and assured throughout.

The little analysis is on the whole an excellent one, and certainly exhaustive. By a combination of profuse musical quotation and a certain felicity of expression, the scene and the general tone of the music are placed very vividly before one's mind. Of much interest are the statements that Strausz is really at his best and

most natural when he is dealing with a conventional almost trite (to the modernist, at least) situation and musical material. The artistic deficiencies of the work are thus, not glossed over, particularly the decided failure of the middle section of Act III, but nevertheless Mr. Blom is, on the other hand a little over liberal and extreme in his praise and assurance of the supreme quality of the best parts of the music.

Madrigal Singing, by C. Kennedy Scott, The Oxford University Press. 1931. \$3.25. 114 pp., with music.

Charles Kennedy Scott, who is most intimately connected with the Philharmonic Choir, the Bach Cantata Club, the Oriana Madrigal Society, and others, is such an authority on the subject here tended that his name on the cover commands our immediate respect for the book. The first edition appeared in 1907, since when it has become standard on the subject.

Although professing to be merely "a few remarks," our expectations are not disappointed by a study of the contents. The subject is attacked in a most thorough manner, beginning by enforcing the distinction between polyphony and monodia or harmony, showing the freedom and independence of rhythm essential to a proper performance, of which the chief point is that, unlike modern music, in the madrigal "the cue to right accenting should be always the word and never the bar line." Ending the technical discussion with a section Special Progressions, we come next to matters even more closely connected with performance. Voice Production, Vowels, Quality of Tone, Accent, Verbal and Musical Phrasing, the Relation of Words to Notes (a most important subject), the Peculiarities in Syllabic Distribution and of Elizabethan Pronunciation, and Speed. It may thus be seen that practically every possible aspect of this subject which is becoming of increasing interest to the ordinary person interested in private performance is treated exhaustively by a man who has had a maximum of practical experience with his subject. In this connection, as well as more generally some sentences of the conclusion should be of interest. The first thing in Art is to be a good workman. What is lacking in many artists is not sensibility or imagination, but simply efficient workmanship, without which the soul cannot manifest itself in adequate form." It would be unjust to leave the book without some mention of the two excellent appendices. A Note on the Model System, in which all madrigals are written, and A Note on Ayres, in which the important question of whether they are essentially monodic and harmonic or polyphonic, with an apparently well-supported decision in favor of the latter view.

R. H. S. P.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

Date.....

THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW
The Phonograph Publishing Co., Inc.
69 Marion St., Medford, Mass.

Enclosed please find money order for \$3.00 in payment for The Phonograph Monthly Review for one year beginning with the..... issue.

Name

Street

Town

Yearly subscription price for
Canada and other foreign
countries \$4.00, postage prepaid

Every Number is a Record Number

The Gramophone

Edited by

Compton Mackenzie

Annual Subscription \$3.50—post free

Send for a free specimen copy

THE GRAMOPHONE

10A SOHO SQUARE : : LONDON, W1

MUSICAL WEST

The Music Magazine of the Pacific West

Published Monthly in San Francisco
Covering the Ten Western States
from Canada to Mexico

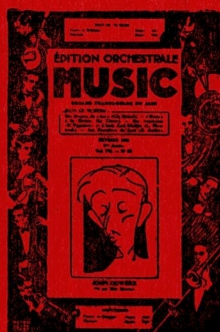
The biggest Western Circulation of any
Music Magazine

FREDERIC SHIPMAN, Publisher

Hotel Sutter

San Francisco

"MUSIC" Orchestral Edition



The First European Orchestra
Monthly

Contains each month a
double-sided orchestration

F. R. VERNEUIL, Publisher

Price: 30c per copy

Send for specimen copy

Annual Subscription Fee:
Yearly \$2.50

Subscriptions booked at the
offices of The Phonograph
Phonograph Monthly Review, 5
Boylston St., Cambridge, Mass.,
or at Brussels (Belgium), 26
Rue du Forcé aux Loups.

LA JOIE MUSICALE

Revue paraissant le 5 de chaque mois

36 Rue Vignon, Paris, France

La Revue française de musique, phono et radio

la plus luxueuse

la mieux illustrée

la plus intéressante

la plus artistique

Foreign subscription rates:

1 year 50 francs, 6 months 32.50, 3 months 17.50

(International money orders or drafts on banks in Paris)

international

The four weeks to December 19th, 1931,
were the busiest four weeks of our
career. Our stocks of most of the fea-
tured records are depleted, and the pro-
ceeds are on the way to Europe so that
those whose orders could not be filled
may have the records they desire as soon
as possible.

Here are a few more novelties which are
either in stock now or expected shortly:

MADURO—Dans la Nuit and Scherzo
Espagnol—Played by Mme. Tatiana de
Sanzewitch, pianist. Salabert, 10 in.,
\$1.00

MAYERL—Robots and Marigold—Play-
ed by Carmen Guilbert, pianist.
Pathé, 10 in. \$1.15

ROSSINI—La Pie Voleuse—(La Gazza
Ladra)—Grand Orchestra under dir.
Ernest Viebig—a 10 in. record from
Belgium \$1.75

D'INDY—Le Camp de Wallenstein—4
pts.—Symphony orchestra under dir.
of the composer—2 10 in. Pathé
records \$2.70

CHOPIN—Nocture in E-flat, Op. 9, No.
2 and

GODARD—Le Cavalier Fantastique, Op.
42—Both played by Mme. Jane Mes-
sier, pianist. Perfectaphone, 10 in.,
\$1.00

CASCIOLINI—Kyrie Eleison (A Minor
Mass) and

GREGORIAN CHORALE — Stabat
Mater—Both sung by the Choir of St.
Hedwig's Cathedral (Berlin). Sterno,
10 in. \$1.65

(Prices are F.O.B. Richmond Hill)

✦ We are the importers of the records of
the renowned Jean Noté (Acoustic).

✦ Our stocks include some excellent
items of defunct brands. List in prepara-
tion.

✦ There is no connection between us
and any other business using a similar
name. We deal by mail only.

AND OUR ADDRESS IS

P.O. Box No. 171

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y., U. S. A.

records agency

BRUNSWICK CORPORATION



RECORD

Announces

its acquisition of the manufacturing and sales rights to BRUNSWICK, VOCALION and MELOTONE records for the United States, Canada and certain foreign countries, from the Brunswick Radio Corporation.

The same Branch Office now serving you will continue to serve you without interruption or delay.

The same Sales and Recording Laboratory management and personnel formerly responsible for Brunswick Records will be associated with the new company.

The same artists who have made Brunswick Records so profitable to dealers will continue with the New Corporation and the same high quality of recording will be maintained.

The same mutually beneficial policies formerly prevailing will be continued by this company with even more aggressive efforts in behalf of record sales.



Brunswick
Vocalion • Melotone
RECORDS
PORTABLES • NEEDLES



1776
BROADWAY



Brunswick

RECORD CORPORATION



NEW YORK
CITY